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For the Herald and Journal.

A CONTRAST.

It was a moonlight, winter eve;
Not cheerful, as when autumn chills
Their radiance on the forest hills
But gloomy; for the verdant hills
Of summer, 'neath the frosty dress
Of winter, hid their loveliness.
The white of the northern blast
Mowed down the forest trees;
The lake in icy chains was fast;
Fast fettered, firmly bound;
The moon's clear, brilliant rays and still,
Shone tranquilly on plain and hill;
But ah, its cold, unchanging ray,
Not borrowed from the king of day
Its light; it shed no genial glow
On frozen hearts, but calm and slow,
Pursued its onward course on high,
And clothed in light the sapphire sky.
—The day was past; the lighted street
Was vacant, save when lone feet
On angry business most intent,
With hurried motion came and went,
And those too passed, and in their stead
We heard the watchman's measured tread,
Who sang in concert with his bell,
"Past one o'clock, all's well, all's well."
Was all well? Deep in your soul,
Dark cell, was misery and woe;
Famine and cold, disease and care,
Were marked on all around.
For him, the monster, ground there.
His traces might be found
In every wrinkle on the brow
Of him, whose sacred marriage vow
Was to protect, to love and guide,
His chosen wife, his youthful bride.
How has the vow been kept? She sits
Upon the cheerless, cold hearth-stone;
At times the light of reason flits,
And she will fancy that alone
She's traversing long, darksome cells,
Or that with hands of hell she dwells.
One only daughter by her side,
Unmindful of the chilly air,
Her kindling, her heart has tried,
Her voice of song, her words of prayer,
To soothe her mother's dark despair.
She lingers yet—lest she see
That sleep is guilty of her stealing;
Kept smiles are on her lips, and these
Are sweet and soothing dreams revealing.
—Clad in her scanty raiment, now
That gentle girl goes forth alone,
In search of him whose broken vow
Has all this cruel evil done.
She finds him, in the snow-stare
And finds him, in the snow-stare
The object that requires her care;
And spite of mien and blows,
She guides with patience and with skill
His wavering, zigzag course, until
At home he safely rests, and then
She seeks her mother's side again.

"The eve, again. The sun's last ray
Just dips the glowing hills;
Its rays refracted seem to play
On shadows on the hills;
The fair young moon is dimly seen
Upon the western sky;
The earth is carpeted with green,
And summer flowers lie
In such luxuriant array,
That all varieties are found
Of bloom and fragrance. Turning high
The sturdy elm adorns the sky,
Beneath whose foliage thick and green,
A quiet, vine-clad tree is seen.
Peace and contentment seem to wait
As handmaids at the cottage gate;
Comfort and plenty seem to smile
On every hand, and care beguile.
But hark! what melodies now greet
The listening, charmed ear?
So rich and full, so clear and sweet,
The harp we never heard before.
Of joyful, and enchanted strain,
As if by an unseen hand,
Inward wishes, longing sighs,
Could make an earthly paradise.
It would resemble this, and be
Exempt from human misery.
But see! the inmates come. My eye
Must needs deceive me; for on high,
Clear brow are traced familiar lines;
Familiar is the light that shines
From that tall woman's hazel eye;
Familiar are the smiles that lie
In dimples on the rosy cheek.
Of that young maiden. "Tell me, speak,
Where have I known thee? how forgot?
Was I a friend or was I not?
Ah, I remember! that dark cell
Of misery I recall too well;
I know the snare by which you fell,
But say, what broke the fatal spell?"
He answered, and his words, though few,
In music numbers seemed to run.
He said, and I believed it true,
"I am a Washingtonian."
Narcissus Town, Conn. HARMONY.

For the Herald and Journal.

CHRISTIAN HOLINESS.

NO. II.

4th objection. It is confidently alleged by many, that Christian holiness implies that the blood and merit of Christ are no longer needed, the soul being "made free from sin," and fitted, in point of purity, for heaven. This objection cannot stand. The blood and merit of Christ are still needed. They are indispensable; 1st, to secure the remission of unintentional errors, growing out of unavoidable ignorance, and for many hereditary and constitutional defects occasioned by the fall. And 2d, to enable the soul to stand fast in the liberty, and not be entangled again in the yoke of bondage. "The just shall live by faith." Grace is not communicated to a holy soul in such abundance as not to need to be replenished. The increase and continuance of saving grace, depend on living faith. This faith is the instrument of spiritual life. It must always be in vigorous exercise, or languor and death ensue. The object of this faith, must be the blood and merit of Christ, else it is not a living faith—a faith that quickens the soul—dead in trespasses and sins—to newness of life. Hence, the perpetuity of Christian holiness demands the constant application of the blood and righteousness of Christ. The language of the holy soul is:

"Every moment, Lord, I need
The merit of thy death."

The sanctified soul cannot do without Christ. It is shut up to the conviction that he is "all in all." Within such a soul, he is formed "the hope of glory." He who has been "made free from sin," remembers who did it, and feels his utter helplessness without Christ. To him the Savior is infinitely precious. He lives in Christ, and in Christ. To say, then, that Christian holiness implies a suspension of the blood and merit of the Redeemer, is absurd. Nothing can be more untrue. Christ is never nearer the soul than now; never more powerfully present—making his great atonement efficacious. Let none,

then, be deterred from seeking holiness, in view of the above objection.

5th objection. It is affirmed that Christian holiness involves the impossibility of growing in grace according to the apostles injunction, "Grow in grace." It is confidently asked, "Can a person be more than holy, or more than perfect?" Now, perfection is a relative term. No one is absolutely perfect but God. Angels are imperfect when compared with him. Men are imperfect when compared with angels. Let it also be remembered, that by Christian holiness, I do not mean the absolute holiness of God, but a holiness described in the Scriptures, and peculiar to a redeemed soul, once polluted by sin, but now washed and made pure in the blood of the Lamb. Christian holiness is, therefore, in one sense progressive, and admits of degrees; while in another particular, it is instantaneous. This distinction I shall expand more fully in a future number.

It is now sufficient for my purpose, to affirm that a holy life is characterized by progress. At regeneration, all the fruits of the spirit are implanted in the soul in an infantile state. At that point Christian holiness begins. By exercise, these graces are matured. At first, they belong to babes, needing milk; but they are gradually ripened into the vigor and intensity of manhood, requiring meat. As the infant, by nursing and care, grows up to a man, so the young convert—the babe in Christ—advances by degrees to the full stature of the perfect in Christ Jesus. "The trial of your faith worketh patience." Thus the new born soul has a degree of Christian patience which is perfect in its kind and for its age; that is, relatively perfect. As time passes, and his faith is tried, his patience increases. And so through life, an increase of patience follows the trial of faith. Here is progress—and yet perfection in every degree of progress. So of all the other graces. A child five years old is perfect in size and capacity for that age; at ten he has made great progress; but he is now only perfect in size and capacity for that age; and so on.—This illustrates the progressive perfection of Christian holiness, and also the perfection of every degree in the series. Therefore the lowest, or first degree of Christian holiness, does not imply the impossibility of a future growth in grace. As much does a perfect child imply the impossibility of growing to a man, or a perfect sapling to a sturdy tree. Further, Christian holiness is a great help to a growth in grace. What is grace? It is favor. To grow in the grace of God, then, is to grow in his favor. Also, we grow in the favor of God, as we grow in the favor of man.—This is done by cultivating an intimate acquaintance and friendship; by knowing and doing the will of Him whose favor we would gain. So the more intimate communion we hold with our blessed Lord, the more we study to know and do his will, the more we seek his approval, the more we shall grow in his favor. Hence, the more religion one has, the more devoted and Christ-like, the better prepared he is to grow in the grace or favor of God. Consequently, Christian holiness does not hinder a growth of grace, as the objection alleges, but promotes it. Oh how infinitely pleasing to God to have his children assimilated into his likeness! To see them panting to be like him! As a father delights most in those children that resemble him most, and love him best, so God takes those nearest his bosom, who most brightly reflect his image. Holiness is an indispensable condition of seeing and enjoying God. It is an essential pre-requisite to a rapid growth in his grace or favor. The objection here met is thus seen to be totally unsound. Yet it must be remembered, that though Christian holiness admits of an expansion and progressive growth, in the sense explained above, it is also true that there are important particulars in which this great blessing is instantaneous, and is the fruit of powerful faith in the blood of Christ.—This point will be handled, in connection with other kindred matters, in some future number.

Yours in Christ, HENRY W. ADAMS.

Concord, N. H.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE LOCAL PREACHER.

Re. Stevens.—Your editorials of late have been the most cheering of any thing I have read in the Herald for a long time. They have led me to think over the history of the church, during the twenty-five years I have been a member of it.

Allow me to say, that experience makes me conclude that the local preacher is a kind of necessary link in the chain of Methodism; for while the itinerant labors in his sphere, it seems to me that there ought to be some vigilant one in every church to help him take care of and watch over the lambs of the flock, as a kind of stationary sentinel. The itinerant is a pioneer, a leader, a front rank man; but we have enemies on our rear, and we want officers there, too, to cover the spoils and protect them from the enemy. I am sorry that such a disposition has been manifested within the last twenty years, to alter our good old-fashioned customs of former years, and I have watched with some anxiety, always with dissatisfaction, Sir, because I knew that it created a gap in our efficiency, that stewards and leaders do not fill, in every instance, as it ought to be.—You are yet young in Methodism, but your desire to find out the "good old ways," that once made us so successful, proves to me the becoming deference you have for the mother that cradled both you and me. Go on, Sir, go on; stop not here.

Sept. 25. A LAYMAN.

THE ROSE BUD.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

"Poor Lily!" said, or rather sighed, Rachel Blair, as she laid her knitting on the small square table by which she was seated, and walked, for the twentieth time, to the window. She was followed, as she had been each time previous, by her young brother Arthur; and in a moment they were joined by the great house dog, who laid his cold nose in her hand and whined sympathetically, then looked up into her face as though to assure her that he participated in her anxiety. After gazing wistfully for a moment from the window, against which the chilling sleet was driven furiously, Rachel turned to a little rose bush that stood beside it, and began loosening the soil around the root, although it was before as mellow as the little stick resting against the rim of the jar, and precisely the right quantity of moisture, could make it.

"It will blow out by to-morrow," remarked Arthur, in a low, timid tone, as though afraid of his own voice.

"I suppose it will," said his sister, and then she sighed again.

"It is just like Lily," said the boy.

"Poor Lily!" said his sister, and then she sighed again.

"So pale and sweet."

"And so fragile. Just like her."

The boy was evidently anxious to say a comforting word; but he only looked at Rachel, and then at the dog, and then returning to his seat, gazed fixedly into the fire.

Rachel and Arthur were the only children of good farmer Blair; but there was another who was as a sister to them, and a daughter, a well beloved and affectionate daughter, to their parents. Lilian Moore was a dear little orphan cousin, who had been for six months only an inmate of her uncle's house; but in that short space she had woven herself so closely around their hearts, that sweet Lily's will was the law of the entire household. Lilian was a delicate blossom, a tender bud, more fragile than the pale spring buds that were loved so well; and she required the training of a careful hand. She spent the summer in the great fields and beneath the shady trees, watched over and guarded by her kind cousin Rachel and the careful Arthur, and when autumn came she went away to the busy city, to spend the winter months with a fashionable aunt; for thus it had been decreed that she should divide her life between her two guardians. Lilian's parting gift to her cousin was a beautiful rose bush that she had brought with her to the farm house, and that seemed almost identified with herself.

"Take care of it," she said, "till I come back. Aunt Brayton has promised that I shall spend the holidays here, and you must have a rose to give on New Year's morning—do you hear, coz?" A real rose, with its own sweet smell to it, and not a flower cut out of painted muslin.

Perhaps Lilian forgot her rose bush, and thought no more of the gift she had asked; but it is certain that Rachel did not. She had never cared for flowers before; for the heart is in a great measure the regulator of the taste; but the remembrance of the absent idol hallowed this rose bush, and her devotion to it increased, until there mingled with it a deep tinge of superstition. She shielded it from even sun and rain until it began to droop; and then she feared her sweet cousin was in trouble, and wrote a letter of inquiry; but Lilian was in usual health, and even more than usual spirits. The gentle, simple, spiritually lovely girl, who had traversed the greenwood, and been delighted with the song of the robin and the lark, now told of the exhilarating pleasures of the city, and seemed to love them. Rachel wept, and wondered if Lily would be ashamed of the old farm house, and her country cousins, when summer came again; and then she blamed her heart for its distrust and selfishness, and was vexed to find that she could be grieved at any thing which made Lily happy.

As winter approached, Rachel's treatment of the rose bush was more judicious, and it gradually improved, until, to the delight of the whole family, a tiny bud pressed out from the midst of the green leaves. Oh how watchfully did Rachel guard that bud. Arthur's eyes glistened with satisfaction as he looked upon it; and even old Carlo, the house dog, seemed to understand that it was something too precious for a dog to appreciate.

As the holidays drew near, old farmer Blair began to make preparations for bringing home the favorite. His sleigh was newly painted, a string of bells and a new buffalo robe were purchased, and his good lady had duly prepared the double yarn mittens and the mufflers, before any one had dreamed of the possibility of a disappointment. Then came a letter saying that Lilian was ill—it was only a slight cold, taken at an evening party, but it would probably detain her until after Christmas. A cloud, during that day and the ensuing one, rested on every thing at the farm house, and at evening another letter came. Lilian was no better; indeed she might be worse. She was feverish, and seemed quite unlike her usual self; and poor Mrs. Brayton scarce knew what to do with her, for she begged continually to be taken to her dear old uncle and cousins.—The old man shed tears, (he had not wept when Lilian's mother died, although she was his own sister,) and the good dame was sure they ought to go to the child, for a better or more loving one never trod the earth. "Bring her back! be sure you bring her back with you," said Rachel, as she saw her parents seated in the sleigh on the Christmas morning that had long been the subject of their anticipations. "Tell Aunt Brayton we will nurse her—O so carefully! And I am sure she will get well again."

The old people had been gone almost a week, and it was now the last evening of the year.—Sadly did Rachel turn from the window; and strangely tremulous was her voice, as she replied to her brother's encouraging words—

No, no, Arthur, they will not come to-night! Poor Lily!"

mate of her uncle's house; but in that short space she had woven herself so closely around their hearts, that sweet Lily's will was the law of the entire household. Lilian was a delicate blossom, a tender bud, more fragile than the pale spring buds that were loved so well; and she required the training of a careful hand. She spent the summer in the great fields and beneath the shady trees, watched over and guarded by her kind cousin Rachel and the careful Arthur, and when autumn came she went away to the busy city, to spend the winter months with a fashionable aunt; for thus it had been decreed that she should divide her life between her two guardians. Lilian's parting gift to her cousin was a beautiful rose bush that she had brought with her to the farm house, and that seemed almost identified with herself.

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What strange events have crowded history in the long life of this venerable man. He was born three years only after Washington. George II. was then on the English throne; Louis XV. on that of France; Ferdinand VI. son of Philip V., ruled in Spain; and Frederick the Great had just commenced his reign. The Empress Catherine held sway in Russia, and Poland was a mighty and independent kingdom, under Augustus of Saxony. The population of the thirteen colonies was a little rising two millions; and from the banks of the Hudson, stretching west to the Mississippi, was an unbroken forest, filled with a savage life, where the white man dared not venture. France on the North, Spain on the South, owning the largest portion of our continent, and the existence of Oregon was unknown. New Holland, the islands in the South Sea, and the Indian Archipelago, were as yet untrodden by civilized man. Turkey was the terror of the civilized world, and the gold Spain annually received from her South American colonies exceeded the income of any other nation.

And now, what has this old man seen in his single life? Five sovereigns on the English throne, one of whom reigned sixty years; the dynasty of France completely changed, after two revolutions; Napoleon had risen, like a brilliant meteor, and passed away as quickly; Poland blotted out of the list of nations, and Spain and Turkey imbecile and weak to the extreme degree. France and Spain no longer own an acre of ground on our continent, and England driven out of her thirteen colonies, where now exist twenty-nine States and twenty millions of people. Steam penetrates to the sources of the Mississippi, and electricity outstrips the wind in its tidings. This good old clergyman might say, in the words of Simon, as he gazes round on his native land, blest in the greatest degree:—"Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!"—N. Y. Messenger.

AFFLICTION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

With silence, only, as their benediction,
God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of great affliction,
The soul is dumb!

God calls our loved ones; but we lose not wholly
What he hath given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in His heaven.

THE DYING MOZART.

Wolfgang Mozart, the great German composer, died at Vienna in the year 1791. There is something strikingly beautiful and touching in the circumstances of his death. "His sweetest song was the last he sung; the 'Requiem.' He had been employed upon this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspirations of richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his 'cyclopean strain,' he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter Emily awoke him. 'Come hither,' said he, 'my Emily; my task is done—the Requiem—is finished.' 'Say not so, dear father,' said the gentle girl, interrupting him as tears stood in her eyes. 'You must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure you will nurse your well again; let me bring you something refreshing.' 'Do not deceive yourself, my love,' said the dying father; 'this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid, in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, my Emily—take these, my last notes—sit down to my piano here—sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother. Let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solace and delight.' Emily obeyed, and with a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, sang the following stanzas:—

Spirit, thy labor is o'er!
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the face of immortals begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife
Or the pleasures of earth with regret;
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit! no fitters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There we lay, like thee—the wretched shall find
A haven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit! how bright is the road
For which thou art now on thy way!
Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and God,
Their loud halloaings to sing.

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then, turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still, passionless smile which the rapt and joyous spirit had left—with the seal of death upon those features.

THE TWO WORLDS.

There is a world where no storms intrude—a haven of safety against the tempest of life. A little world of joy and love, of innocence and tranquility. Suspicions are not there, nor jealousies, nor falsehoods, with their double tongue, nor the venom of slander. Peace embraceth it with outspread wings. Plenty broodeth there.—When a man entereth it, he forgets his sorrows and cares, and disappointments; he openeth his heart to confidence, and to pleasures not mingled with remorse. This world is the home of a virtuous and amiable woman.

There is a world where the storm rages, and the tempest roars wildly. A world where love and joy enter not, and from whence innocence is flung affrighted away. Jealousy is there, and anger and hate. Slender and falsehood, twin sisters, abide there. Peace departeth from it. When a man entereth it, he returneth not again, for the dead are there. This world is the dwelling of a woman who has forsaken the guide of her youth, and forgotten the covenant of her God; whose house is in the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

The following illustration is from the writings of one of the old English divines.

What, in reality, is the distance between the faithful Christian on earth, and the spirits of the just made perfect? It is as if, in an apartment filled with bright lights, and burning clearly, there were one, dimmed by the earthen vase which shades and almost darkens its lustre. You have only to shiver the vase of clay, and the light in the earthenware shall beam forth, undimmed amongst its fellows. Such may be the transition by death, of the spirit of the Christian from the "earthly house of this tabernacle," to its full, unclouded shining, amidst its kindred lights in heaven.

BENEFIT OF AFFLICTION.

Some time ago, a few ladies were reading the third chapter of Malachi, "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me," &c. One of the ladies gave it as her opinion, that the fuller's soap, and the refiner of silver, were only the same image, intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influences of the grace of Christ. "No," said another, "they are not just the same image; there is something remarkable in the expression in the third verse, 'He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.' They all said, that possibly it might be so. This lady was going into the town, and she promised to send a silversmith, and report to them what he said on the subject. She went, without telling him the object of her errand, and begged to know the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her. "Do you sit, sir?" "O yes, madam, I must sit, with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace; since, if the silver remain too long, it is sure to be injured." She at once saw the beauty, and the comfort, too, of the expression, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." Christ sees it needful to put his children into the furnace; but he is seated by the side of it. His eye is steadily intent on the work of purifying, and his wisdom and his love are both engaged to do all in the best manner for them. Their trials do not come at random; the very hairs of their head are all numbered. As the lady was returning to tell her friends what she had heard, just as she turned from the shop door, the silversmith called her back, and said that he had forgot to mention one thing; and that was, that he only knew that the process of purifying was complete, by seeing his own image in the silver. When Christ sees his image in his people, his work of purifying is accomplished.

BENJAMIN WEST.

Every fresh aspect of West's early life had something in it remarkable and romantic. In his youth he was attacked by a fever; and when good nursing and good medicine began to remove his complaint, another adversary invaded his repose. This was a shadowy illusion, which, like an image in a dream, was ever unstable, and changing shape as well as hue. It came first visible in the shape of a cow, which, entering one side of the house, walked over his bed and vanished. A sow and litter of pigs succeeded. His sister thought him delirious, and sent for a physician; but his pulse had a recovering beat in it, his skin was moist and cool, his thirst gone, and every thing betokened convalescence. While the doctor stood puzzled about a disease which had such healthy symptoms, he was alarmed by West assuring him that he saw the figures of several friends passing at that moment across the roof. Conceiving these to be the professional visions of a raving artist, he prescribed a draught which would have brought sleep into all the eyes of Argus, and departed. As he went, up rose West, and discovered that all those visitations came through a knot hole in the shutters, which threw into the darkened room whatever forms were passing along at the time. He called in his sister, and showed her the apparent gliding along the ceiling. On recovering, he made various experiments, which he communicated to a painter of the name of Williams, who found it to be what Butler calls "a new found coin invention." He produced a London Camera Obscura, and West conducted himself with the praise due to collateral ingenuity.—Lives of the British Painters.

A PARAGRAPH FOR PARENTS.

Mothers! if you would train up your children to be useful members of society, keep them from running about the streets. The school of vice is the streets. There the urchin learns the vulgar oath or the putrid obscenity.

For one lesson at the fireside, he has a dozen in the kennel. Thus are scattered the seeds of falsehood, gambling, theft and violence. Mothers, as you love your own flesh and blood, make your children cling to the hearth-stone. Love home yourselves; sink the roots deep among your domestic treasures; set an example in this in all things, which your offspring may follow. It is a great error, that children may be left to run wild in every sort of street temptation for several years and that it will then be time enough to break them in.

This horrid mistake makes half our spendthrifts, gamblers, thieves and drunkards. No man would raise a cot, or an ox, on such a principle; no man would suffer the weeds to grow in his garden for any length of time, saying he could eradicate them at any time. Look at this matter, parents! See more especially, that your children are not out at night, loitering around some coffee-house or theatre. Mothers, make your children love home, and by all means encourage them to love you better than all other human beings.—Church Chron.

PRETTY PREACHING.

I am tormented with the desire of preaching better than I can.

But I have no wish to make fine, pretty sermons. Prettiness is well enough when prettiness is in place. I like to see a pretty child, a pretty flower; but in a sermon, prettiness is out of place. To my ear, it would be any thing but commendation, should it be said to me, "You have given us a pretty sermon." If I were upon trial for my life, and my advocate should amuse the jury with his tropes and figures, burying his argument beneath a profusion of the flowers of rhetoric, I would say to him, "Tut, man, you care more for your vanity than for my hanging. Put yourself in my place—speak in view of the gallows, and you will tell your story plainly and earnestly." I have no objection to a lady winding a sword with ribands, and adding it with roses, when she presents it to her hero lover; but in the day of battle he will tear away the ornaments, and use a naked edge on the enemy.—Rev. Robert Hall.

EVENTS IN A SINGLE LIFE.

Dr. Harvey, a Baptist clergyman, one hundred and eleven years old, preached on Thursday evening in the Tabernacle. As he sat on the platform, he did not appear so old; but when he rose, his short and stunted figure, diminished, not enfeebled by age, and the tones of his voice—his hesitancy, broken syllables, and snow white hair, all testified his extreme old age. He preached on temperance—said he was an uneducated man, and finally, when requested to give some account of his own life, he observed he could recollect the events of a hundred years ago—that he was a poor boy, working about, and had joined the Minute Men during the Revolution; had served under several commanders; was employed in various services, and had hunted Indians in this State, and Tories also.—

For the Herald and Journal.

CAMP-MEETING, HARRINGTON, ME.

Br. Stevens—I have been requested by the Presiding Elder to give some account of the camp-meeting held in Harrington, Me., Sept. 14th.

As we had no meetings of this kind on the district the past year, it was thought by some of our ministerial brethren and others, that this very important, and heretofore usual means of grace ought to be revived. Though some of us were rather skeptical on the subject, when the meeting was finally appointed, we resolved to prepare for it and help sustain it. The Methodist societies being small and distant from each other, we did not expect a large number of tents, or a great gathering. The congregation was larger than we expected to see.

While in the grove, those beautiful lines by Bryant came swelling up from the depths of our hearts for utterance. And as they are so appropriate, and breathe so much of the spirit of camp-meetings, the reader will pardon their introduction here.

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above him—ere he formed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silent haunts he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."

"Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn; thine happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear."

Though the grove was not the most pleasant and desirable, yet, while we sat in the congregation of the righteous, listening to the words of God as they dispensed his word, looking upward through the trees and beholding the stars of evening, we could not forbear exclaiming:—

"Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou
Didst weave these verdant roofs."

We could say the first evening, from the evidence given by the Spirit in the words of our venerated founder, "The best of all is God is with us." For we had hardly knelt down and offered to God solemn thanks and supplication, before the Spirit's sanctifying and life-giving power was felt in the soul. It was evident that we had access to the throne of grace in the name, and through the merits of the great Mediator, and we were convinced that God had recorded his name there, and that as we assembled from time to time, he would accept our sacrifice of a broken heart and a contrite spirit of prayer and praise.

The order of the meeting was generally good.—The people came on to the encampment respectfully, and gave good attention to the preaching of the gospel. There was a little disposition manifested by some of the "baser sort" to disturb us, but when they learned that we had an efficient committee, they thought it safest to obey the rules of the meeting. The influence of such persons is not so bad as some might suppose, as no respecter person will associate with them, and those who do as bad as ready as sin can make them. May God have mercy on them. The influence of the meeting, I think, was good. I saw persons of other denominations who appeared to be converted.

The preaching was experimental and practical, and all seemed to preach with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and with a single eye to the glory of God. May the word prove a savor of life unto all. In the tents, during our social meetings, in Christ was present to save, and, at times, in power and great glory. Several backsliders were reclaimed and made happy again in a Savior's love. Some sinners manifested a desire for salvation through Christ, while many of the people of God were very much encouraged and strengthened, their love to God and man increased, their faith made strong in the God of their salvation. O, yes, many of us did feel to say—"Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

The last evening came, and this you know, Br. Stevens, is always a solemn time with those who deeply feel the vast importance of the salvation of immortal spirits. I think it was a solemn time around the encampment. Though I was not absent from our tent, I heard strong cries going up to God who has power on earth to forgive sin, and I have no doubt that as the pleadings of the spent spirit died away on the stillness of the midnight air, the returning angels, who had carefully watched the struggles of God's children, were back to heaven the thrilling news—the dead is alive, the lost is found! The scene in our tent was inexpressibly interesting to me. I had not experienced such an agonizing with God since the hour of my conversion, and many others said, "I will not let these go except thou bless me." God sanctified some souls, and others were abundantly blessed. While we, at times, silently adored God, we could say, and feel more than we could express,—

"O is not this a holy spot!
"Tis the high place of freedom's birth;
God of our fathers, is it not
The boldest spot of all the earth?"

May we "stand fast thereabout in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."
EDWIN A. HELMERHOLSEN.
Columbia, Me. Sept. 21.

*Spiritual freedom.

WESTON CAMP-MEETING.

Br. Stevens—Permit me, through the Herald, to say a word for the encouragement of those who are laboring for the salvation of souls. Our camp-meeting at Weston has just closed. The weather was beautiful, and considering the number that tented upon the ground, and the size of our congregation, it has been one of the best I ever attended. Good order prevailed throughout. But this is not all. God was with us in power. It is impossible to tell exactly all the good done. As near as we could calculate, about 40 were converted, about 40 reclaimed, and 60 bore testimony to a clean heart. This, as there were but 12 tents and a thin population around us, is, we think, a great work. All came in the name of the Lord, and preachers and brethren labored with as much faithfulness as I ever witnessed. We are expecting this meeting will do much for us, and good days are already dawning upon many parts of this district, and we are looking for glorious times in all our borders. May God hasten the redemption of sinners.
C. R. HARRINGTON.
Springfield, Sept. 23.

UNCAVILLE CAMP-MEETING.

This feast of tabernacles was furnished in a pleasant grove, on the west bank of the river Thames, midway between New London and Norwich, and not more than seven miles from either place. Its proximity to these large towns, and the extra facilities for running down the river, and the railroad and steamboats, induced individuals to visit it, who, although in the main perfectly orderly, yet caused a degree of confusion among themselves, incidental to such moving masses. This confusion many of them associated with the meeting itself, and could not understand how it could be a place very favorable to the worship of God; while, on the other hand, (with a little reflection,) it was equally difficult for those who remained quietly within the worshipping assembly—realizing that the angel of the Lord was encamping round about them—to understand how any could come within the sacred enclosure, and not be constrained to confess, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not; it is none other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven."

I think, however, that those who composed the stamens of the meeting were less benefited than they would have been in a more retired place; and as such receive the most of the public prayer meetings, and hence the best opportunity of judging, told me, on Friday afternoon, that he judged one hundred accounts of doubtful cases; and there were certainly many "wrestled till the break of day," than there had been in an equal portion of any former part of the meeting.

But suppose that, in order to meet the prejudices, or fastidiousness, or want of charity, or faith, or whatever any one may have, in reference to camp-meetings, or camp-meeting conversions, we call the number fifty, or forty, if any one requires it, what an offset is this against the few extra sneers or reproaches, and expenses, too, which may have been realized in the "getting up" and sustaining of this meeting!

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY SARAH PARKER.

We've kneeling by thy grave, mother; the sun has left it now,
And tinges with its yellow light our glad hill's verdant brow,
Where happy children sport and laugh, with whom we used
To play.

But we may not mingle with them now, since thou wert borne
Away.

We're driven from our home, mother, the home we loved so
well,

We wander, hungry, homeless, cold, while strangers in it dwell,
And seek our bread from door to door, sad, comfortless and
lame;

Ab! mother, when you went away, our happiness was gone.
We passed our cottage door, mother, for still we call it ours,
And we lingered by the garden wall, and saw our own bright
flowers.

And peeped into the window, where the shadow of the blaze
Of hearth-light flickered on the wall—oh! so like other days—

And gleamed upon a little child, with sunny, curling hair,
Who knelt low at her mother's knee, beside our old arm chair;

And as we gazed on her we wept, for, at close of day,
'Twas ours to kneel around thee, while our lips were taught to
pray.

We thought upon that time, mother, and on thy dying bed,
When we sobbed low around it, ere thy stainless spirit fled,
When you told us you must part from now, for God had willed it
so.

He who can dry the orphan's tear, and calm the orphan's woe,
No glad heart have we now, mother, to kneel at evening,
No mother's eye beams on us in tenderness and pride,
For about this spot we meet, our bitter tears to shed,
And pour out all the grief-fraught heart before the orphan's
Friend.

Oh, were we by thy side, mother, so quiet in the earth,
Reclining of blooming summer time, and of the cheerful hours;
But we shall follow after—oh! you told us we should go
And meet—oh! joy to part no more, nor shed one tear of
wo.

We're kneeling round thy grave, mother, the sun has left it
now,

It beams on happy children as they sport on yon hill's brow;
There's none to mock the tears which flow so copiously from
each eye,
And mingle on this lonely sod, 'neath which you silent lie.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

MISS ELIZABETH J. THOMPSON died at New
Market, N. H., Sept. 18, aged 20 years, 6 months
and 9 days. Sister Elizabeth experienced reli-
gion three years since, and was baptized by Elder
H. H. Brock, and joined the Free Will Baptist
church at Kennebunk, Me., of which she remained
a member till death. Her sickness was long and
peculiarly distressing, but she bore it with Chris-
tian submission. For about three weeks before
she died, she could take no other nourishment
than cold water, because of the extreme distress
it occasioned her. She was confined to the house
for about seven months. Her death was one of
the most solemn and interesting I ever witnessed.
She possessed the full control of her reason till
a few hours before she breathed her last, and
she was fully aware of her approaching end; yet
she did not fear it. She made the greater part
of the arrangements for her funeral, and even
gave directions relative to articles of dress to be
worn on the occasion. Like a dutiful and affec-
tionate child, she felt and expressed great anxiety
about the health and comfort of her mother, after
she was gone. She talked about heaven and the
condition of the dead, and gave all of her advice
with as much composure as though she was ex-
pecting to return in one week. She asked me
the following questions: "What shall I do after
I get home to heaven?" "Do you suppose I
shall see Jesus, with that body he ascended to
heaven in, with the prints of the nails and the
spear to be seen?" "Is it not possible that I
may be permitted to hover about my dear mother
sometimes, and comfort her?" "Do you suppose
we shall know our friends in heaven?" "Being
answered in the affirmative, she said, "O, I
am glad of it, for I have thought a great deal
whether I should see and know brother Frost in
heaven. I shall want to see you there." She
made a great many other remarks equally as
interesting, but as I have protracted this beyond
the ordinary length of obituaries, I will mention
but one more. Being asked how the things of
earth looked to her, she said, "I can't describe
it, it is so empty! empty!" Being asked how
Christ appeared, "O," said she, "tongue can't
tell, he is so precious! so precious!" "O thought
I,

"While I am dying,
Give me Jesus, give me Jesus,
You may have all the world,
Give me Jesus."

A discourse was preached at her funeral by
the writer, from Luke 8: 52: "Weep not; she is
not dead, but sleepeth."
Newmarket, N. H., Sept. 24.

FANNY EDSON died in Stafford, Aug. 13, aged
sixty. Sister Edson was born in Bridgewater, Me.
With her parents, she removed to this place, at
the age of thirteen. At the age of eighteen she
experienced religion and united with the Congre-
gational Church. When the M. E. Church was
organized here, she removed her relation from
that and joined with us, and remained a worthy
and consistent member until her death. For the
last twenty years of her life her time was mostly
devoted to the taking care of the sick, for which
she rarely, if ever, received any compensation.
In our loss we mourn not only those who have
hope. She sweetly sleeps in Jesus.
Stafford Springs, Sept. 20. L. C. COLLINS.

MARY BARRETT, wife of Ephraim Barrett, of
West Stafford, died Aug. 25, in hope of a blessed
immortality. Sister B. for many years had been
a devoted member of the M. E. Church, and a
faithful Christian. Her warfare is now ended,
and she is blessed with the saved of the Lord.
Stafford Springs, Sept. 20. L. C. COLLINS.

MATILDA WHITON died in peace, Aug. 27.—
Sister Whiton was a young lady of much promise
and piety; but the great Head of the church has
seen fit to take her to himself.
Stafford Springs, Sept. 20. L. C. COLLINS.

Mrs. TAMAR N. McKESICK died in Parkman,
Me., Sept. 31, aged 21 years, 1 month and 21
days. Sister McKesick professed faith in Christ
about four years since, and has maintained a good
standing in the Meth. E. Church. Her disposition
was amiable, and in her manner gentleness the
common trait. She possessed a good degree of
intelligence, and a kind, affectionate heart; all
of which was sweetened by the meek and lowly
spirit of her Master, which rendered her an af-
fectionate wife, a kind mother, and a good Chris-
tian. She was a great sufferer in her last sick-
ness, but bore it with Christian fortitude, and
while the King of terrors was doing his office, she
yielded to her fate in a victorious manner. She
has left a husband and two small children, with
a large circle of relatives and surrounding friends,
who deeply feel their loss, which is her eternal
gain.
Parkman, Me., Sept. 21.

GEORGE H. WARE, son of Thomas and Mary
Ware, of Thetford, Vt., died in Galea, Ill., April
17, aged 30 years. Although far from his home
and friends, save those he had won by the social
and Christian graces which ever commended
him to the affections of all who knew him, with
but a single relative, who arrived to cheer but a
few of the last hours of his distressing illness,
yet his end was peaceful and triumphant as the
Christian's. His dying message to his friends
was as a healing balm to his deeply afflicted pa-
rents and surviving sisters, who, in their decline
of life and feeble health, leaned their hopes upon
him as their comfort and support. "Tell them,"
said he, "I am going to be with the Savior and
those lovely sisters." One of these sisters died
in very early life, and no doubt is with the Sa-
vior in paradise. Two have since passed away
in the bloom of youth, ripe for heaven, and ex-
isting in the hope of immortal bliss, and this no-
tice will doubtless awaken many most pleasing
associations in the minds of those who shared
their friendship and mourned their loss.
Bradford, Vt., Sept. 25. M. SPENCER.

Sister MARY DWELLY died of typhoid fever,
in Oakham, Sept. 2, aged 30 years. She had
been a member of this church from its com-
mencement, and was more than ordinarily in-
teresting and faithful. She filled a large place in
the hearts of parents and brothers, as well as the
church of God. Her call was a sudden one, but
it found her watching, and she died as faithful
Christians die, with heaven full in view. This is
the second member that has left this church for
the church triumphant in glory. We hope her
mantle will fall upon her surviving brethren and
sisters.
Jos. W. LEWIS.

Mrs. BETSEY COLBURN ended her earthly pil-
grimage in Groton, N. H., July 26, aged 76
years. At the early age of seventeen, our de-
parted friend renounced the vanities of earth,
and gave her heart to the Savior. Soon after her
conversion, she joined the Calvinist Baptist
Church, in the communion of which she lived and
died an exemplary and beloved member. She
was ever an ardent lover of the sanctuary. Her
happiest moments were spent in the place of
prayer and praise. She was affectionately at-
tached to all who truly loved her Redeemer.
Her last sickness continued five months, during
which time she suffered greatly; but she suffered
as a Christian. As her last hours drew near, she
was willing to depart. Her soul found rest in
Jesus. She rejoiced in hope of meeting her pious
husband in heaven, who had departed twenty-nine
years before her. She left ten children to weep
at her grave, all of whom are endeavoring to im-
itate her pious example. Several of them are
Methodists, and desire to see this notice in the
Herald. Reader, death will soon call upon you.
Are you ready?
J. S. J. G.

Mrs. MARY C., wife of John Lee, Esq., died
in Bucksport, Sept. 20, aged 45. Amiable in
her disposition, she was ardently loved by her
family, and highly esteemed by a large circle of
friends. She forsook the walks of fashionable
life, and embraced the meek religion of the
cross some few years since, and attached herself
to the M. E. Church, for whose prosperity she
felt a deep interest down to the close of her
earthly pilgrimage. She exemplified in an en-
lightened piety. During a wasting sickness of many
months, a cheerful submission to the divine will
was apparent in all her sufferings. In the last
conflict with the King of terrors, she triumphed
gloriously. It was on the morning of God's holy
day, as delightful a Sabbath as ever dawned
upon our world, when her pure spirit gently de-
parted for its better and abiding home, to mingle
with the devout worshippers in the upper temple,
"not made with hands." She retained her reason
until death released her from all the changes
of this mutable scene, and was able to speak a
short time before she bid a final adieu to earth,
repeating joyfully those beautiful passages of
Scripture, "In my father's house are many man-
sions;" "In him is light, and no darkness."
Said she, "It is all light." May grace divine
support the sorrow-stricken and deeply bereaved
family, and prepare them to meet her in heaven.
Bucksport, Sept. 25. J. C. PERRY.

SLAVERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

DR. BANGS ON SLAVERY.

NO. XI.

MOTIVES TO EMANCIPATION.

I have already alluded to the impoverished state
of those lands which have long been under the
culture of slave labor. Many of the landholders
have been, and are now, compelled to sell a
portion of their slaves every year in order to pro-
cure subsistence for those they retain.

I cannot express myself more appropriately on
this subject, than by transcribing the words of
Mr. Gurney, already referred to, and whose let-
ters to Hon. Henry Clay are well worthy a seri-
ous perusal by every friend of human freedom.
He says:

"I confess I feel much compassion for the
slaveholder of Virginia, who, seated in his old
and gentlemanlike mansion, surveys the wide
demesnes which have descended to him from his
ancestors. His lands, long since exhausted by
slave labor, present to his eye a brown and dreary
aspect, except where they have become over-
grown by a miserable forest of pine. His black
people have multiplied around him, and he
scarcely knows how to feed them. His family
necessities are perpetually calling for money.—
The slave jobber is prowling about his neigh-
borhood, with his tempting offers of \$500 for a lad
or girl, or \$1000 for an adult person. The tem-
ptation soon becomes irresistible, and slave after
slave supplies the Southern market. By degrees
he discovers that by far the most profitable ar-
ticle which his estate produces is the slave; and
instead of the old-fashioned cultivator of the soil,
becomes, by slow degrees, and almost insensibly
to himself, a slave-breeder. But whether this be
or be not the true trade and profession of the
slaveholder, it is all one to the slave. He is sold
to the merchant, torn from his wife and family,
lodged in some negro jail, at Baltimore, Winches-
ter, or Washington, and finally driven, as one
of a hand-cuffed gang, to Alabama or Louisiana,
there to be sold, with an enormous profit for the
jobber, to the planter of cotton, coffee, or sugar."

This shows most conclusively the enormous
drawback which slave labor exacts from the
slaveholder as a tax upon his commodity. And,
indeed, it is truly melancholy to the traveler in
Virginia, to behold the old estates of Washington
and others of a like character, once so prolific
and flourishing, now thrown into waste, merely
because the soil is so exhausted that it will not
repay the tiller for his toil, nor even yield a suf-
ficient increase to support the slaves by whom it
is cultivated. And if Kentucky, Tennessee,
Missouri, and other new States do not exhibit a
similar sterility, it is merely because their virgin
soil has not been cultivated a sufficient length of
time, and doubtless similar symptoms of de-
cay and exhaustion will become apparent, and
they in their turn will have to transport their
slaves to another region. But where will they

go for a market? To Texas? But Texas will
soon be filled up. And it is greatly to be feared
that if it is suffered to go on at this rate, and
no effectual efforts are made for a peaceful
emancipation, on the principles of justice and
mercy, the time will come when a tremendous
reaction will take place—the slaves will burst
their bonds—they will throw off the yoke of ser-
vitude—assert their freedom—in all likelihood,
at the expense of the blood of their masters; for it
is not to be supposed that the many, and these
strong, able-bodied men, will for ever continue
under the rule and servitude of a few, and these
few enervated by idleness and luxury, and be-
come effeminate for want of physical and mental
action. Nay, have we not reason to apprehend,
from the facts of the history of God's providence,
that he himself will one day plead the cause of
the oppressed—that he will "hear their groaning
and come down to deliver them?" And who can
withstand the working of Omnipotence?

Here then is a strong propelling motive which
should induce every friend to his country, every
friend to his species, every friend to humanity,
every parent and guardian, to awake to this sub-
ject, and to exert themselves to bring about the
result herein contemplated.

Does the friend of his country wish its happi-
ness and prosperity continued and perpetuated?
I know he does. Let him, then, lend his in-
fluence to disenthrall it from the bondage of
slavery.

Does the friend of his species wish them to
participate with him in the same blessings which
he enjoys? He certainly does. Let him then use
his best endeavors to raise them to the rank of
free human beings, and no longer consider and
treat them as mere beasts of burden, or as an
article of merchandise to be reared, bought and
sold, at the pleasure of those who choose to
sell and buy them. If he cannot arrest the hor-
rid African slave trade, he can certainly use his
influence to prevent the continuance of a similar
traffic in his own country.

Does the friend of humanity desire the enfran-
chisement of his fellow-men from the most cruel
and degrading bondage, that they may enjoy the
rights and privileges of freemen? Most assuredly
he does. Let him not then contribute any
towards to entail upon them that deprivation of
the attributes of an accountable being, viz., freedom
of thought and action.

Does the parent wish the blessings to descend
to his posterity which he himself enjoys? Who
will answer in the negative? Not one. Then let
him hasten to snatch his children from that aw-
ful precipice on which he and they stand, while
contributing to bind the fetters of slavery on
thousands of his fellow beings. Let him make
all possible haste to avert the just judgments of
Almighty God from himself and his offspring,
who so ominously threaten to burst upon him
or them with woful vengeance. Though he
himself may escape, and be "saved so as by
fire," yet the judgment of God "slumbereth
not," but will sooner or later awake in terrible
wrath, and spend its fury upon his posterity, for
he "visitheth the iniquity of the fathers upon the
children, unto the third and fourth generation
of them that hate him." I cannot but tremble for
my country, when I review its history, in con-
nection with the horrid traffic in African slaves,
by which it has become enthrallled in the meshes
of slavery.

Indeed, the withering curse of God seems to
rest upon those portions of it which are yet
doomed to bear its burdens. Instead of its pro-
ducing its wonted increase, "blasting and mildew"
are visible upon its face. I say, therefore,
that a regard to his own temporal interests, should
induce the slaveholder to use all prudent means
to set his slaves free. When this is done, he
may look up to God for his blessing upon the
labor of his hands. He may pray in faith for
the temporal and spiritual prosperity of his freed
men, as well as for himself and his offspring, and
may possibly live to rejoice over the returning
prosperity of his country. Indeed, I give those
of them credit who already see and deplore the
evils of their country, and who strive to meli-
orate the condition of their slaves all the way
possible, by using them kindly, leading them to the
knowledge of God by faith in Christ, providing
for their necessities, nursing them in sickness,
and commiserating the infirmities of age and de-
crepitude. Let them now add to these acts of
justice and mercy the farther endeavors to re-
move those obstacles out of the way which pre-
vent emancipation, and thus contribute to restore
these hapless beings to the rank and privileges
of free citizens of this republic. In so doing,
they will call down the blessing of God upon
themselves and their country, meet the approvals
of a good conscience, and secure the co-opera-
tion and approbation of every friend to humanity.
Sept. 10. N. BANGS.

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cay and exhaustion will become apparent, and
they in their turn will have to transport their
slaves to another region. But where will they

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE POWER OF PRAYER—THE PIRATE.

Some years ago the Moravian missionaries
sailed from London to the Island of St. Thomas,
where they were going to labor among the slaves.
The name of the ship in which they sailed, was
the Britannia. At first the voyage was pleasant
and prosperous; and in their hearts, as well as
their voices, the missionaries would often thank
God for his goodness to them. But one day a
great danger threatened them. A pirate ship
was distinguished afar off, but bearing down to-
wards them. Now pirates are at sea what rob-
bers are on land, but even more terrible, because
there is seldom any help near. They sail about
the seas in their light built, swift sailing vessels,
seldom going on land, but making it their whole
business to rob other ships. And on their ill-got-
ten spoils they live. Generally they murder as
well as rob. Sometimes they lay a plank over
the ship's side, blindfold the eyes of the unfor-
tunate crew and passengers, and compel them to
wade out into the plank, till, without knowing
it, they reach the end; and then they fall into the
sea and are drowned. No wonder that the sight
of a pirate vessel was a very alarming one to the
people in the Britannia.

It came on nearer, and nearer. And what
could those who saw it do, all alone there, in
the wide ocean? Each did what he thought wisest
and best. The captain judged it best to put the
ship in a state of defence; so he ranged his
men, and prepared to resist as well as he could.
The sailors, whatever they thought best, had no
choice but to obey the captain. But the mis-
sionaries thought it best to pray; and they went down
into the cabin, and there, kneeling on their souls,
going on upon deck, they poured out what was
in earnest prayer to God; remembering, no doubt,
his promises, and the words, "If God be for us,
who can be against us?"

The pirate ship approached, till it came within
gun shot of the Britannia; and then from the can-
non ranged along its deck, began to pour out a
heavy fire. And there were grappling irons on
board, strong, sharp hooks, fixed to long ropes,
ready to throw into the Britannia, and hold her
fast, while the pirates should board her, and do
their work of destruction. It seemed that there
was little chance of escape from what was
before them. But the captain, whose heart was sinking at the
powerful prospect before him, did not know what
powerful helpers he had below, in the few peace-
able missionaries, whose fervent prayers were
then ascending, through the noise of the fight, to
heaven.

The moment the pirates tried to throw their
grappling irons across to the other ship, their own
was tossed violently, and the men who held the

ropes were thrown by force into the sea. Vexed
by this disaster, the pirate captain sent others,
who shared the same fate. Seeing that he could
not succeed in this manner, he resolved to fire at
the Britannia till she sank with repeated blows.
But this effect strangely failed also; for the balls
missed their aim and fell into the sea. The
smoke of the frequent charges was very dense,
and hung about the vessel for some minutes, hid-
ding them from each other's view. At last a sud-
den gust of wind cleared it away, and the
amazement of the pirate captain, the Britanni-
a was seen at a distance, with all her sails
spread to the wind, speeding swiftly away from
the attack. And they were forced, in great
anger, to abandon their cruel purposes. Thus
wonderfully had God appeared and saved the
vessel, in answer to prayer. The missionaries
prayed had been greatly annoyed; but they were
to have a further fruit still.

Five years afterwards, during which the mis-
sionaries had been diligently preaching the gos-
pel at St. Thomas, they, and other missionaries
on the island, agreed to meet together to celebrate
the anniversary of their deliverance from the pi-
rates, and to thank God for his other mercies.—
As they sat together, word was brought that a
stranger wished to speak to them. And, at their
permission, a tall man entered, with fine features,
and a bold expression of face. The missionaries
wondered, and one asked what was the stranger's
business with them.

"First answer me one question," said he:
"Are you the men who came to this island, five
years ago, in the English ship Britannia?"

"We are," replied the missionary who had
spoken.

"And you were attacked upon the sea by pi-
rates?"

"Exactly; but why are these questions?"

"Because," answered the stranger, "I am the
captain who commanded the pirate vessel which
attacked you." Then the missionaries looked at
one another in silent wonder, as their former en-
emy continued—"The miraculous way in which
you were saved escaped, was the cause of my own
salvation from the power of sin, through faith in
Christ."

It would be too long to tell you all his words;
but you may imagine with what unspeakable joy
the missionaries listened to his tale, as he went
on to tell them how, in his vexation at their
strange escape, he had made inquiries of the
captain of the Britannia, and learned that it was
through the prayers of the Moravian missionaries
of St. Thomas, and how, not understanding how
a vessel could be saved from pirates by prayer,
he resolved to know the Moravian brothers. He
sold his vessel, and in the United States of
America one day visited a Moravian chapel, and
heard a sermon from the words, "Work out
your own salvation with fear and trembling."
He sought the preacher, and heard from him the
way of salvation through Jesus Christ. "And
thus," he concluded, "from a pirate captain, I
am become a pious sinner, justified by the grace
and mercy of Christ; and my chief hope has
been that I might some day be able to see you,
and relate to you my miraculous conversion.—
This joy is granted to me to-day."

He ceased, and you may imagine the feelings
of the missionaries. They were met to cele-
brate their deliverance from the pirates on that
day, five years ago, through prayer. And there
stood before them the pirate captain himself, not
fierce now, but humble and pious, who traced his
own deliverance from the bondage of Satan, to
the same prayer that rescued them from him.
They all knelt down together before God,
and thanked him for his great mercies.—Le Petit
Messager des Missions.

RESPECT TO PARENTS.

"Tearsful" thou marble hearted fiend,
More hideous when apparent in the child
Than the sea monster."

Not only the young are apt to forget the re-
spect due to parents, but oftentimes we see
children of older growth forgetting those who
have reared them from infancy, and by their
waywardness causing their parents to shed
tears, when it should be their duty to give them
reason for smiles. There is no sight which is
so revolting to an upright man, as to see youth
disrespecting gray hairs; but when we find a
man, arrived at the age of discretion, neglecting
his silver-haired parents, and treating them with
contempt, no word is forcible enough to express
the feeling which naturally arises in every honest
breast. The very idea that the babe, whose
care had caused them so many sleepless nights,
and so much anxious care, should in later years
prove a curse instead of a blessing, and repay
his parents for all their love, by unthankfulness,
makes one almost wish that the parent's maledic-
tion might be upon him. Yet how often do we
see cases in which the child forgets the respect
due to his mother, and is regardless of his father's
wishes. Children learn in early age to re-
spect their parents, and obey them in all things—
struggle not against their authority; but by
yielding while young, you will derive honor when
older; and never forget that commandment which
says, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy
days may be long in the land that the Lord thy
God giveth thee."

SUNDAY AT NEW ORLEANS.

We abridge the following from the correspond-
ence of the Christian Reflector. The corre-
spondent is the Rev. H. A. Graves, one of the
editors of the Reflector, who is travelling for
the recovery of his health, and writes from the city
of New Orleans.

On the first Sunday after my arrival, I attend-
ed worship at the Baptist church, and heard the
pastor, Rev. Mr. Hinton. Famous as is this city
for the violation of the Sabbath, the only shops
I saw open on my way to church, were bar-rooms
and soda shops. As much quietness prevailed as
in our Northern cities, but my walk was confined
to the second municipality, which is chiefly occu-
pied by Americans, and to a large extent by em-
igrants from the free States.

I have taken other surveys since, presenting a
different aspect. I found Mr. Hinton's congre-
gation occupying a very neat chapel, recently
finished, located in the rear of St. Charles street,
in the very heart of the second municipality.—
Mr. Hinton's congregation was small, as is also
the church. It has been but recently gathered,
and has not as yet attracted very general atten-
tion. I learned, however, that it gradually in-
creases, and will probably be large by the time a
new house of worship is opened, which they
hope to accomplish within the current year.

I observed that some of the best pews were
expressly designated to members of the Legisla-
ture, which is now in session. Two or three of
them were occupied by gentlemen of a law mak-
ing aspect. At the head of a pew in the centre
of the house sat the famous benefactor-yet-to-be
of the A. & F. Bible society, a man of plain
features, about sixty years of age. He is a bach-
elor, is worth several hundred thousands—per-
haps a million—and has bequeathed the greater
portion of his estate to the Bible Society.—
The ordinary appeals to his benevolence he does
not regard; he has nothing to give for missions.

On the second Sabbath which I passed in New
Orleans, I accompanied my friend, Capt. B., of
the ship Isabel, to hear the Rev. Dr. Hawks, re-
cently settled in New York, is well known in the
Northern States, and is distinguished for his elo-
quence and earnestness as a pulpit orator.—

He is held in high reputation here, but can-
hardly be said to be popular, from the fact that
the populace cannot get an opportunity to hear him.
His congregation is wealthy, and (to use a
term which may regard as complimentary rather
than offensive) very aristocratic. They pay
enormous pews rents, and rarely offer their un-
occupied seats to a stranger. Visitors fill a seat
in front of the pews, surrounding the pulpit, but
even to this they are not invited or attended.—
The sexton sent us into one corner of the singing
gallery, among a crowd of other interlopers and
whispering boys. We had a hard seat, and al-
though the congregation was large below, looked
down on many a vacant cushion, which we
should have at least preferred. However, we
heard the great Dr. Hawks. His voice is clear,
musical and powerful, and is modified, elevated
and depressed, as the sense and style require.
His eye is not at all confined to the printed or
written page; he appears like one who can re-
cite the whole as we can run through the alphabet—
never misplacing, hesitating or repeating—
never so doing or uttering aught that any one
can see how it might have been done or spoken
better. Dr. H. is an artist. His gesture is as
perfect as his elocution. His sermon was far
less effective than many weaker, rougher ones
which we have heard, but it contained thoughts
the most sublime, and apostrophes the most
beautiful and striking. Its merits were of too
high a grade and too purely literary to consist
in deep religious impression on the common
mind. Yet he made direct and solemn appeals.
His theme was Christ's resurrection—the Resurrex-
it, and promises contained in that great fact, to
the church of Christ and to immortal man. We
found it difficult to hear him at such a distance,
and among restless children, but were well repaid
for the painful attention we gave.

Dr. H. appears to be about fifty years of age.
His eye is very black, his complexion dark; the
aspect of his countenance serene, but I thought,
care-worn, and expressive of sad experiences.—
His society are about building a new church ed-
ifice, more spacious and imposing than the pres-
ent. Yet he made direct and solemn appeals.
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